

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Love Pro Tem.

By JOHN GREGORY.

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NONA said it served her perfectly right. Nona was eighteen still in school, still with ideals that touched the stars frequently. She could not understand how anything could excite petty jealousy—that is, between engaged persons.

"I'm frankly, quite frankly, ashamed of you, Margaret," she said in her funny, decisive way, as they motored back from the Fenways. "Jerry is just as considerate and nice as he can be, and you really are fearfully unreasonable. As I understand it, he and Miss Douglass were acquainted long before he met you, and it was natural for him to talk with her after she had been away so long."

"I have no objection to Jerry's talking with his old friends," Margaret had answered frigidly. "In fact, I thought her a very handsome sort of girl, one of those big-souled, half-fellow-well-met kind that nearly all men like and make friends of."

"Cat," murmured Nona, knowingly. "Just because you are a little and feminine and altogether agreeable, and never made nine holes in your life. Jerry saw right through it, though. You should have seen his face when he stood behind you and heard you tell Mrs. Fenway you had been called home unexpectedly. I don't blame him one bit for staying."

"No one asked him not to stay."

"But what are you going to do?"

Margaret thought over this for a minute, settled back in her furs, and watched the smooth ribbon of roadway unroll ahead of the car. Then she sprang her own personal little surprise.

"I'm going into town to stay with Teresa. She's giving a box party to-night and has a reception tomorrow for Mrs. Cardonza, and it's all very select and instructive."

"And Andy Forbes will be there," Nona fairly glared down at the utterly innocent face beside her. "If you do go, Margaret, she finished savagely. 'I shall go, too. I shall go just to chaperon you. Not against Andy, but to guard you against your own impulses.'"

And Margaret only bit her under lip and laughed. It was the memory of Jerry's face that had caused her decision. It was not enough for him simply to fall at this girl's feet the minute he saw her and monopolize her for hours in corners, but he must assume this air of injured rebuke with her, this lofty, injured-minded attitude that their friendship was of so wonderful a character, so transcendental, that even jealousy could not picture it. She would always see him standing there, tall and well-groomed and severely clean cut, looking down at her with accusing eyes. Of course, her departure would embarrass him. It would show to every one her opinion of his

DAME FASHION STANDS BY THE PRESIDENT; PROCLAIMS PATRIOTISM BY INTRODUCING THE "ROOKIE" SUIT AS THE NEWEST FAD!



By BETTY BROWN.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Dame Fashion stands by the President.

With the "rookie" suits she proclaims her patriotism and reminds her recruits their country may need their services.

Moreover, in the rookie suit, fashion provides a very serviceable costume for rain or shine and one having cleanable qualities which makes it adaptable to many purposes.

The "rookie" is a trim street suit of khaki color serge. It has just been exhibited at the Chicago garment manufacturers' spring style review.

Already orders have come in from business girls who like its smart and practical cut as well as from girls on leisure who drive their own autos. It is considered especially correct for a motor tour.

Every bit of fresh war enthusiasm adds to its vogue.

The midday blouse, which school girls took for their own several years ago, is revived in white linen for summer outings. The patriotic girl, it seems, has no intention of playing favorites in fashion, as between the army and the navy.

To go with both styles of costumes, a brand new military carriage is required; also shoes with low broad heels.

The well set up girl has beauty quite her own in the rookie dress. The girl who stoops, slouches, or minces along on French heels will not seem charming in any garment of military severity.

conduct, even while she had said she had received the telephone call from home.

And she would go on to town that afternoon, and stay with Teresa. It would be a big rest and a relief to talk to her—yes, and to Andy, too. She had religiously excluded Andy from her scheme of human existence since her engagement to Jerry. Andy had belonged to the bubbly side of life, to her debutante day. She slipped down farther into the furs, and refused to be drawn into discussion.

But to Nona it was the crossing of the ways, the ultimate point of decision. There was a dash of color in her

ROOKIE SUIT FOR WAR OR PEACE.

cheeks, a fighting tilt in her chin, as she accompanied her sister to town later. Jerry was simply a prince of good fellows, and she wanted him for a brother. When they arrived at Teresa's pretty home, she let Margaret absorb their hostess, and marshaled her sorb for a campaign. First of all, she called up the Fenways, and had a nice, comradely chat with Jerry. He was hard to manage. Margaret had acted ridiculously, he said, and with unpardonable rudeness to Mrs. Fenway. Miss Douglass had not remained over for the weekend at all. She was going on to the city. Why, no, he didn't know where. A box party, he believed, and supper dance later. It was very important.

With his promise to come in, at least for the last act, Nona turned her attention to Andy.

"I'm Margaret Everden's sister," she said over the telephone. "What? Yes, the youngest, Nona. Could you come up to Mrs. Brooke's please; just for a few moments—yes, right away, please, and ask for me. It's very important."

Margaret and Teresa Brooke sat up in the latter's room overlooking the park, talking over their tea as the winter sunshine cut through the drift of gray clouds and slanted down in a rain of golden light just before sundown. And over in the park walked Andy and Nona. He was twenty-two, three years younger than Margaret, four years older than Nona. Those four years altered the mental perspective. Nona a most deferred to his opinions.

"You see, Margaret is temperamental, and it will take firmness and patience this time to keep her in line. I knew you'd understand, and Jerry's a splendid fellow."

"Bully," assented Andy, looking at her admiringly.

"So I thought if we'd make believe that we were tremendously struck with each other—just for tonight—it would help Jerry's case—don't you think so? She really does think everything of him, and it would only be reaction if she did seem interested in you again. I suppose you think it's awful of me to interfere this way."

"I think it's mighty keen and plucky of you," Andy told her, "and you can count on me."

Nona went back alone to the house, slipped quietly upstairs to her room and dressed for dinner. And when Mr. Forbes arrived she met him demurely, as became a younger sister who was not even a debutante yet. Margaret gave him her hand lingeringly.

"Andy, boy, you don't know how good it is to see you again."

"It is, isn't it," Andy laughed. "Fine. Why didn't you tell me you had such a girl for a sister?"

And all through dinner there was the puzzled looked in Margaret's eyes, and a little wistful droop to her lips. Already she began to feel the tug of regret. Andy, sitting next to her, was having a perfectly wonderful time talking to Nona across the centerpiece

of mauve orchids and ferns. Later, he was by her side at the box party, and Nona had never looked so attractive. Once Teresa's eyebrows raised ever so slightly as she met Margaret's glance, but there was nothing to be done. It seemed to be Andy's game entirely.

All at once Nona glanced at the second box opposite where some late comers had just filled in. Nan Douglass was among them, tall and radiant, and behind her was a middle-aged man, with a decidedly distinguished air.

"That's the Taller Phelps, the new minister to Bolivia," Andy whispered over her shoulder. "They're to be married at Easter."

"They are?" Nona's smile was delicious as she turned to look at him. "That's the girl I was telling you about. And this is all for nothing, then. There isn't a bit of danger."

"I think there's plenty for me," said Andy, a bit soberly.

"But it's only for tonight," Nona assured him. "Nobody will ever find out we put it up." She leaned over to tell Margaret the news of the engagement.

But Margaret's eyes were cold. Nona turned back with a sigh. "You know, I don't believe I'm a diplomat at all," she told Andy ruefully.

"You're a darling," he said fervently.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets.

These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.

Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "foggy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.

It's Wonderful How Resinol Stops Itching

To those who have endured for years the itching torments of eczema or other such skin eruptions, the relief that the first use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap usually gives is incredible. After all the suffering they have endured and all the useless treatments they have spent good money for, they cannot believe anything so simple, mild and inexpensive can stop the itching and burning INSTANTLY! And they find it still more wonderful that the improvement is permanent and that Resinol really drives away the eruption completely in a very short time. Perhaps there is a pleasant surprise like this in store for you. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists.

A Good Soap for Baby Skin

A good baby soap should contain something, healing properties to prevent the rashes and chafings to which babies are liable. That is why many physicians recommend Resinol Soap.

ly. "I'm not going to be dropped after tonight. I want to see you and know you. Jerry and I are college mates. I'll get him on my side. Do you mind?"

There was a movement at the back of their box. Nona saw Jerry entering, looking decidedly fit in his evening clothes, his eyes seeking Margaret. And surely there was relief in hers as she welcomed him. Even Teresa's eyes were full of amusement. Nona drew a big breath of relief.

"It's wonderful managing people's affairs, isn't it?" she said softly. "I feel as if I had finished the whole thing. You'll be best man and I'll be maid of honor."

"Do you mind?" repeated Andy, doggedly.

And Nona's lashes drooped suddenly.

"It was only to be love pro tem," she said.

"We'll start a new schedule," answered Andy.

FAIRVIEW.

The Lincoln Temple No. 58, Pythian Sisters, will have a social Friday night, February 16, at the K. of P. hall. All the Pythian Sisters are invited.

Ambrose Billingslea was a business visitor at Fairmont Tuesday.

Prof. Boyles, W. E. Michael, Harry Morris and H. S. Rhodes attended the basketball game at Fairmont Tuesday night.

Charles Sine will sell all of his Household goods at his home on Main street Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. J. Hess, Mrs. Thorne and Miss Wilson of Riverdale, attended the fifteenth anniversary Pythian Sisters at Fairmont Tuesday night.

Mrs. Harry Alford, of Fairmont, who

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Old Black Joe Cough Syrup Contains No Dangerous Drugs, Yet Does the Work.

The fact that Old Black Joe Cough Syrup is absolutely safe, yet does the work quickly and surely is what makes it such an extraordinary cough remedy. It loosens the phlegm, opens the air passages, soothes the irritation and kills the cold germs. It hits the sore spot in a jiffy and then, My!—what relief. There is not a single drop of opiates, chloroform or narcotic drugs in it. Just as safe for children as for grown people. A big bottle costs only 25c at any good store. Beware of substitutes, for they may be dangerous. Sold in country as well as city stores.

was visiting her parents, has returned home.

Mrs. J. L. Morris, of Fairmont, was called here Wednesday on account of the serious illness of her father, Conrad Toothman.

H. S. Snyder, of Bula, was a business visitor here Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Lawler, of the Baptist church, was here Wednesday for a business meeting. He was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. James Powell at their beautiful home Sunnyside.

Carol Ammons has returned from a visit to relatives in Parkersburg, Mr. and Mrs. S. Plane.

Master Densel Burns, who has been indisposed with rheumatism, is better.

Dr. Swyne, of Wheeling, was in consultation with Dr. Miller to see little Martha Wilt. We are glad to report her better.

Jim Sultan is indisposed at his home here.

EBRO RHEUMATIC REMEDY

Wet and rainy weather is sure to make your rheumatism worse. But do not suffer with it when you do not have to. Try Erbro Rheumatic Remedy. We guarantee that you will not have to suffer much longer. It absolutely eliminates the germ, and through the kidneys gets rid of the Uric Acid, which is the real cause of most of the rheumatic troubles. This formula belonged to an old doctor who made a special study of rheumatism and the skeptical may be convinced of the value of it. All we ask is a trial, and money returned if not satisfied. Ask your dealer for a bottle, and if he hasn't it he can get it for you. It will be well worth your bothering. Manufactured by the Marietta Chemical company, Marietta, O.

TRY A WANT AD.



Ask Grandfather—He'll Tell You—

You Want To Be Strong And Well

Keep your blood pure; that's the only way. Don't wait until you feel badly, but begin NOW. Impurities in the blood put unnecessary work upon all the organs, making weakness and old age come quicker. Do as Grandfather did; take S. S. S., the best of all blood tonics, proven for 50 years. Take it now; take it often, and you will have strength, health and happiness. At your druggist's. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

S.S.S. Will Strengthen You

:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"Isn't she a beauty?" asked Malcolm Stuart.

My eyes, little book, had traveled from his face to the yacht lying out. She certainly was a beauty and I think I was enthusiastic enough to satisfy even the proudest of owners.

"You see, Margie," he said, "I could not have anything but a perfect yacht if I was to have your name connected with it."

"But, Malcolm, my name is Margaret."

"I know it and I think it is one of the most beautiful names in the world, but to me you are always little Lady Salvia. I wish you could go for a short cruise on the boat. Don't you think your husband might come over for a week-end and we could all go say as far down as Old Point Comfort?"

"I would love to, above all things, but I am afraid you could not persuade Dick to go. He is not fond of sailing. For years my ambition has been to travel, but Dick, you see, has had so much traveling to do for the bank, concern that I have often heard him say he would be glad if he never had to go outside our home city again as long as he lived."

"Have you never been abroad, Margie?"

"Never. Dick went twice before we were married, but he has never had time to go since."

"I always regret that the poetic soul cannot step itself in the beauties of this old world. My life, as you know, has been that of the rover, and when I think of a temperament like yours that may never see the wonders of a tropical moon making a silver and pearly pathway from sea to sky, may never look with wondering eyes on the storied ruins on each side the Nile as one's dahabiyeh floats idly down, may never skim over the watery streets of Venice to the song of the gondoliers, that whole being is filled with regret that such a lover of beauty may not see and be filled with these memories forevermore."

"I had a letter from Mary this morning, Malcolm. They have purchased a home on the Italian sea coast and she described it to me. I confess, her letter waked the wanderlust in me a little. You see, Malcolm, I am very fond of Mary and to be with her in her Italian home for a little while would give me great happiness."

Malcolm Stuart did not speak for a long while. He was looking straight out to the Lady Salvia. Then he said, "For the first time in my life, Margie, I find I am not able to do the thing I wish to do. Why, do you know, I would like to put you and your husband Mollie and Chad and anyone else you would care to have on that yacht and send you straight over to the Pembertons."

"You are most generous, Malcolm."

"No, I am not—actually I am extremely selfish. You probably will

never know that you are only seeing the best side of me, Margie, since the terrible catastrophe in my life, until I met you, I have never denied myself anything I wanted very much. I probably have been what the world would call a pleasure-loving sensualist. But, Margie, I have never had any real pleasure—it has all been only distraction.

"My money has attracted to me both men and women who were willing to sell themselves for as long as my hands dropped gold into theirs. My friendship for my good Doctor Virot and myself has probably been the only time in my whole existence when I was able to say I have what other people call disinterested friends."

"But, Malcolm, you certainly have Mollie and Chad and Ellene and Harry and Bax. All of them I have heard say wonderful things about you."

"Yes, my dear girl, I know, but they are not friends like you and Doctor Virot. They don't know me as you do. Why, Margie, do you know what I have let myself into by taking your confidence and friendship? I've got to measure up to your standard. I never can be again the Ishmael whose hand is against everyone and whom everyone is against."

"Don't say that, Malcolm. I never heard anyone say anything but the kindest things about you, and everyone has sung your praises since you started the children's hospital."

"Yes," he answered with a bitter smile, "you can never buy the approval of the world if you are willing to pay the price."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(A MAN HAS A PERFECT RIGHT TO CHANGE HIS MIND.)—BY ALLMAN.

